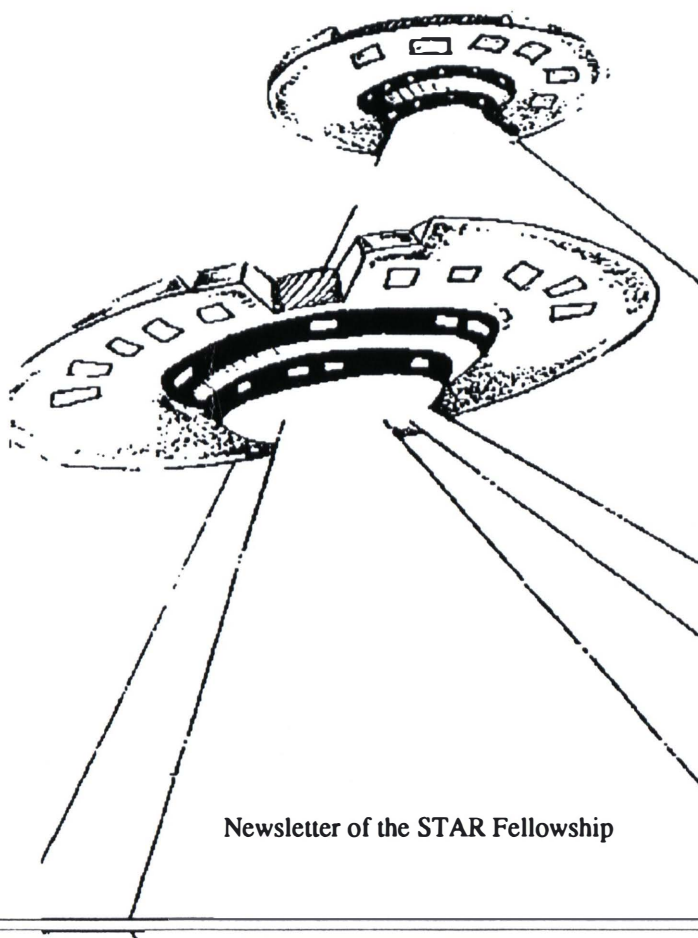


AMSKAYA



Newsletter of the STAR Fellowship

THE FIFTIES - A TIME OF OPTIMISM

A film I recently watched on television, *Sound Barrier*, illustrated well the spirit of optimism prevalent in the fifties, which is sadly lacking today. Everyone was in a state of relief at the end of the recent war, and science and technology seemed to be beckoning us on to a golden age which, if not just around the corner, was almost assured of occurring some day as we ascended a sure, direct ladder. Although it cost the life of the hero, the sound barrier was successfully broken by the ingenuity of man, and this seemed to represent all problems. The final shot was very evocative; a model of a shining jet aircraft beside a telescope, pointing at a window outside of which the stars beckoned... Also, this film was obviously made before the "big bang" hypothesis became a widespread paradigm, for the hero's father-in-law, possibly a kind of anti-hero, though not a villain, expounds the steady state theory as if it was established fact. This too is symptomatic of optimism - for a finite beginning to the universe implies a finite end, and possibly a pointlessness to everything. (It is also, incidentally, philosophically difficult - for it generates the question "What caused the big bang?" and even "What was there in existence to explode?")

What a difference today! The shining symbol of man's progress is now seen as a pollutant, burning up critically scarce energy resources - everything we do seems to have some terrible side-effect, and the continued existence of the planet, seemingly alone in the cosmos as a life-supporting globe, hangs perilously in the balance. The New Scientist, for instance, makes very depressing reading today.

It is true that some of the optimism of the fifties was unfounded, but we surely have swung too far in the opposite direction. If we think of the contactees of the fifties - another phenomenon of optimism - we perhaps have some glimmer of possibility that all is not hopeless. (The film was, incidentally, made in 1952 - the same year as Adamski's first contact). To look at one small facet of the subject - several contactees were apparently told of a boundless energy source pervading the whole of the universe, and earth mysteries seems to have confirmed the existence of what we now term "earth energy", but which may not in any way be confined to the Earth. Despite the "abductions" of our present decade - symptomatic perhaps of the pessimism forty years seem to have brought us - we should look at the possibility of at least some truth in the contactee experience. If it is not so, things look very bleak indeed.

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OUTSIDE HELP

by Tony Wedd

Part 2

The myth of perpetual motion is just such an example. Grant for a moment that some use of cosmic energy is possible, charging up batteries without much maintenance from the engineer, without interruption for hundreds of years pumping water perhaps to mountain fortresses. Grant then the downfall of the civilisation and the disappearance of its know-how, but not the complete disruption of every installation. Up in the hills, ever the haunt of mysterious gods, there spins a motor year in, year out, without refuelling, as in fact an aneroid-operated clock will continue to turn years after we have blown ourselves to smithereens (and that word possibly carries the tale of the planet next out from Mars). Will not the savages tell of "perpetual motion"?

Howard Menger, in his book "From Outer Space to You", shows a photo of a "free energy motor", without referring to it at all in the body of the text. He does however describe getting a shattering result from an experiment with a little disc which he was unable to repeat. The photo shows a three-ball affair on spidery stalks emerging from a boss on the end of a spindle. The spindle runs in two bearings in a U-shaped chassis and has another disc or cylindrical object at its centre, and the whole thing is small enough to be held in the palm of the hand.

As I lay in bed one night, I awoke with the conviction that I was being contacted with valuable information, and offered a choice of subjects: it could be the "Coffoostyn" coffee pot or the Menger "Motor". I chose the former, but was then given information about the latter! This little switch seems odd, and I cannot explain it, but I suppose I was not being offered a choice, but actually being told the information was about one of the two, which were linked in my mind.

I had it that the three balls were ball bearing steel, magnetised by stroking them with a magnet, passing it radially down the stem. Then I had the idea of the central disc, that there was a quartz disc with a large hole in the centre, so that it did not make contact with the spindle, but received support from two other discs, made of amber (porswall). These were locked on to the spindle by a slight deformation of the steel (I had it that a steel knitting needle would do) resulting in a "ridge of high pressure" (this was a piece of day residue in my mind). In other words, I would give it a few taps with a hammer to deform it slightly after making a hole in the amber which exactly fitted the spindle. The U-shaped chassis had a flat base, rectangular in shape, drilled with seven holes in a rectangular arrangement on a circle, and a central hole immediately under the quartz/crystal. The rectangle was a sandwich of copper at the bottom, brass in the middle and

zinc at the top. The meat in the sandwich was continued in two triangular pieces beyond the cladding of copper and zinc, and these two triangles were turned up at right angles to become the means of supporting the spindle: two holes were drilled through the apices. I had a mechanic braze the steel ball bearings on to their stems, and set into a neat wooden boss on a steel spindle. I got in brass, zinc, copper sheet, a large quartz crystal and a piece of amber. I was going to commission a lapidary to cut the central discs, but funds just then got scarce and before I had mustered up the determination to go ahead again the stones had been stolen. A little box with the three-ball affair is still with me, a big question mark. Was I on to something big? I give this information to the world of crazy schoolboy inventors and dropout engineers.

THE WINGED SERPENT OF ASHLAND by Gordon Millington

When people consider close encounters of the fourth kind they too often turn their thoughts to Betty and Barney or their higher strangeness predecessor Villas Boas, though neither of these cases are truly typical of the way the abduction scenario eventually developed. The case to which all subsequent accounts can in some way be related and which has never received the detailed consideration it merits is the encounter alleged to have occurred in 1967 between a Nebraska sergeant of police and the agents of the Winged Serpent, by which ancient symbol they apparently identified themselves.

Schirmer was a man of strong character, a former member of the U.S. Marine Corps. As a police officer he was widely respected by the ranchers and well thought of by his superiors, who described him as "dependable and truthful". Eventually he became the youngest chief of police in the cattle town of Ashland, and this was after his abduction report had become public knowledge.

The witness had been on duty since late afternoon and at 2.30 a.m. was still in his car, cruising the deserted suburbs in search of stray cattle. Approaching a crossroads, he saw a number of red lights ahead which he thought might indicate a broken down vehicle. As he came nearer, however, he saw the lights resolve themselves into a row of small windows round the circumference of an oval object hovering above the road. His next conscious memory was of the craft glowing incandescently and rising into the air. There was a high-pitched sound as it swayed from side to side with a pendulum motion. Schirmer experienced a temporary paralysis but drove back to his office, though feeling weak and sickly. He arrived there at 3 a.m. and wrote in the precinct log book: "Saw a flying saucer at junction of highways 6 and 63. Believe it or not!" He then went home and only later did he realize that, although the journey to the office had taken only ten minutes, there was a time lapse of twenty minutes for which he could not account.

In communication with Jacques Vallee¹ he afterwards revealed that at the time of the encounter he had felt a brief tingling sensation and a pain behind the base of the ear, where there later developed a red welt with tiny holes, as if a needle had been inserted. For three weeks after the event he had suffered from severe headaches which disturbed even his sleep, and dreamt of a landscape with three mountain ranges, strange domes and UFOs. At the request of the Condon committee Schirmer voluntarily underwent a series of psychological tests, including a 'lie-detector' session, none of which gave any cause to doubt the veracity of the witness. The Condon team then flew in Dr. Leo Sprinkle, a psychologist from the University of Wyoming, to attempt through hypnosis to recover for the witness his memories of the missing time.

Under hypnosis Schirmer stated that, having stopped the engine and extinguished the lights of his car, the UFO then exerted some form of traction which towed the vehicle up the slope towards it. Two entities left the UFO and one projected from a device he was carrying a green glow which apparently caused the policeman to enter a sort of trance in which he got out of his car and awaited the approach of his captors, who were described as being about five feet tall and wearing tight-fitting one-piece suits with a head covering and boots. Schirmer produced for Vallee a detailed pencil drawing of one of his abductors as remembered from the hypnosis. Though the forehead is wrinkled, the major facial features are normally humanoid, but the pupils of the eyes are enlarged, elongated and catlike, producing a penetrating and unnerving stare. There is a small round device over the left ear, with a short antenna less than two inches long, and over the right shoulder is a patch bearing insignia representing a winged serpent.

"Are you the watchman over this place?" asked the alien, in slow and measured tones which seemed telepathically transmitted rather than actually spoken. Schirmer agreed that he was, and then was led up into the UFO, where he was shown spinning drums in a machine which flashed with a variety of colours and was described as a power source producing "reversible electrical magnetism". The two then floated together, apparently in free fall, up a gravity reversing shaft to another level, where Schirmer was shown what may well have been a hologram of a sun with six planets, which was said to be the aliens' home system.

"Watchman!" exclaimed his companion, "One day you, yourself, will see the universe as I have seen it." Vallee remarks that "at the time of our meeting, many years after the event, his dialogue with the operator stood out as the most significant event in Schirmer's life", so impressive were the deep authoritative tones of his abductor and the shamanistic quality of the experience. In a statement allegedly made to Sergeant Schirmer by his abductors to the effect that: "...They have been observing us for a long period of time and they think that if they slowly put out reports and have their contacts state the truth it will

help them....They have no pattern for contacting people. It is by pure chance so the government cannot determine any patterns about them. There will be a lot more contacts....to a certain extent they want to puzzle people. They know they are being seen too frequently and they are trying to confuse the public's mind."

To be continued

NOTES AND NEWS

Martian canals seen yet again!

Fortean Times 56 contains an account of yet another case of the sighting of the enigmatic and elusive Martian canals reportedly seen by Percival Lowell. (See *The Inhabited Solar System*)

"R. Gordon now relates how, on 6 June 1967, he and a friend were viewing Mars through an eight-inch f9 reflecting telescope. The thick haze reduced atmospheric transparency, but the seeing was excellent. The infamous canals were there! 'Two canals stretched clearly from Sabaeus Sinus to Meridiani Sinus to the northern deserts, where they faded. A most interesting canal was Deuteronilus-Protonilus, originating in Niliacus Lacus, which ran both east and west until I lost sight of it near the limb. We counted at least six oases on this one, strung out like beads on a string!' (Rodger Gordon, 'Martian Canals - Is Lowell Vindicated?', *Sky and Telescope* 75:348 1988)".

There was the usual "we-know-they're-not-there-really" concluding paragraph of course, but it is interesting further confirmation of the "canals".

Landed UFO in Chile at Samhain

The following account was received from Gordon Millington of the Open University Graduates Research into Anomalous Phenomena:

"It is reported from Santiago, Chile, that a large UFO landed in broad daylight at Limari, an isolated region in the Andes, on November 1st, 1990. It remained stationary for a full half hour and was observed by more than a hundred people, including two members of the frontier police, Francisco Pena and Luis Lobos, who were delivering by truck the pay for workers at the Limari copper mine, situated 350 Km from Santiago. The UFO was described as about 100 metres in diameter and 20 metres high, with six metal feet. Its surface also appeared metallic, fluctuating in colour between violet and pale rose red. Many local mineworkers saw it at 1.30 p.m. under clear and sunny skies on the Thursday,

as it was a holiday (the Day of the Dead - equivalent to All Hallows or the Celtic Samhain in Europe). The sighting was first reported in the Santiago paper "La Tercera" and picked up the following Sunday (4th Nov) by the Montevideo newspapers "El Diario" and "El Pais" on whose accounts the foregoing is based."

Some interesting reviews

The Inhabited Solar System received an unexpected compliment in Paul Screeton's *Folklore Frontiers* recently. It was described as "intellectual gossamer". Gossamer (spider's web) is of course one of the strongest materials for its weight in nature, and it is thus good to have support for the strength of the arguments from this source.

Philip Heselton, reviewing the booklet in *Northern Earth Mysteries*, felt that the contents were significant, but that few people today would be interested in them. I fear he may well be correct - the anti-life lobby have done a very good job in convincing nearly everyone that the universe is dead and it may be many years before other ideas gain ascendancy. I may very well be seeking another incarnation by that time, but for now I can only hope that this change of opinion does occur and do what I can to help those future people. I hope my words may survive till then and be of use to them.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

by Gillian Bull

Since early childhood I have had an ongoing "relationship" with an intelligence other than the normal human experience. From the age of about two, my parents placed wooden bars over the bedroom windows and a safety gate at the head of the stairs, both of which remained there until I was approaching puberty. Poor Ma and Pa would often find me lying flat on my back in the garden, gazing up into space and waiting for "them" to come and take me "home". Although my childhood was idyllic and in no way disturbed, I was an inveterate sleep-walker (hence the safety gate and bars!) and I have the vividest memory of floating down the staircase OVER the gate about six inches above the stairs and completely wide awake and delighted by the sensation.

At that early age, I thought that what I was seeing was fairies or little friends. I was also seeing the spirits of relatives who had died, and others who I did not know. (I was always "leaving home" because no-one would believe me!) At puberty it all dulled into the background, but after a year or so I discovered UFOs - I was about thirteen. I can't remember the first book I read on the subject, but all at once I was into Earth Mysteries, ancient civilisations, Atlantis etc...and everything clicked into place.

I can't specifically recall the first time I saw a UFO - they always seemed to be there in the back of my consciousness. The most spectacular sighting we had as a family was in 1983 at St. Michel en Grave in Brittany. We had travelled to France in order to visit the great megalithic sites at Carnac and the like, and decided to break our journey for a couple of nights at this pretty little seaside resort. Over dinner the first evening I began to feel extremely strange. The room was spinning and I felt decidedly woozy - I'm not the sort who is prone to the vapours usually! So, not waiting for the food to arrive, I went back up to the room and lay down. After a few moments I became aware of two shining forms, one at my head and another at my feet. I felt filled with an incredible "lightness of being" and to all intents and purposes drifted off to sleep, waking only when my husband and daughter arrived back in the room about 45 minutes later. I felt fine, and as the evening wore on we sat watching the sun go down over the wide sweep of the bay. The coastal road was clearly visible right around to the other village on the far shoreline, and was well-lit right up to the lighthouse on the point; a sweep of about three miles roughly.

At about 10.30 p.m. it all started. At first we thought the orange lights were small planes making for the airfield at Morlaix, about seven miles away to the south-east; but as more and more of them began to appear and start doing the most amazing aerobatics over the bay we began to wonder. The really surprising thing is that I wasn't in the least excited by all this; it was as if I was expecting it!

The next evening we spent in exactly the same way, watching the sunset. I began to feel very, very sleepy and climbed into bed, leaving my husband watching the ever-changing sky. Later - I'm not exactly sure of the time - he woke me in a state of high excitement and pulled me towards the window. I was in time to see the whole coastline, including the lighthouse, blacked out. Hovering over the bay, surrounded by the smaller dancing lights, was a huge orange ovoid luminescence. The oddest thing was, our hotel was unaffected by the power cut, the only building in the area not to be in utter darkness. Once again, I totally astonished my husband by nodding sleepily and crawling back into bed. It was like I couldn't stay awake even if I wanted to! We had to leave the next morning, and as we packed up the car we saw a TV crew interviewing people close by the hotel. Our French is extremely limited, so we couldn't make out what it was all about.

AMSKAYA is the newsletter of the **STAR Fellowship**, a continuation of the organisation formed in 1960 by Tony Wedd of Chiddingstone, who held that contact was the way ahead for flying saucer investigation. £2 for four quarterly issues from J. Goddard, 25, Albert Road, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15. 2PX. Please make cheques payable to J. Goddard. Original cover design by David Taylor. IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE AN "X" WILL FOLLOW THIS SENTENCE: